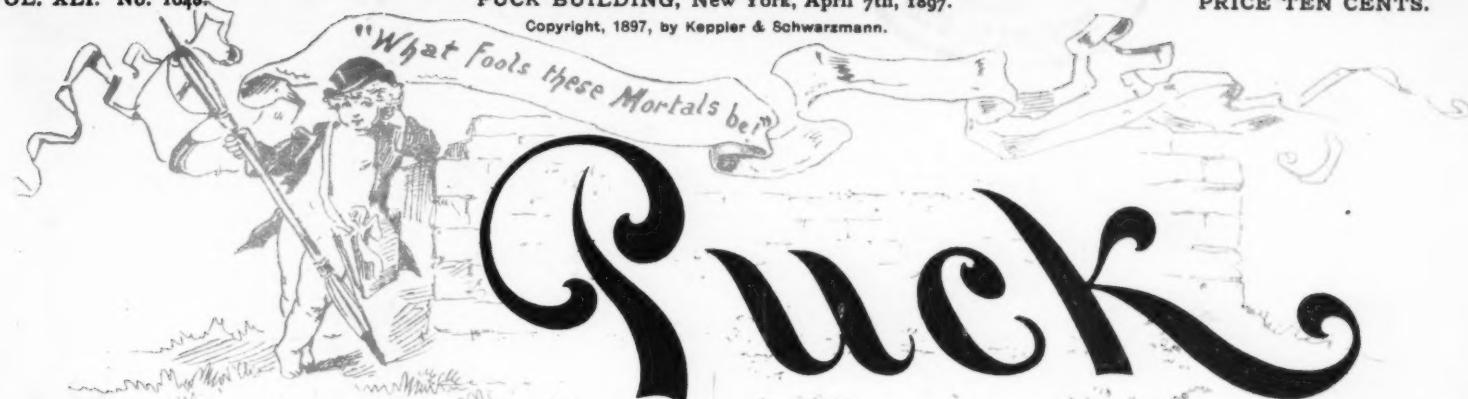


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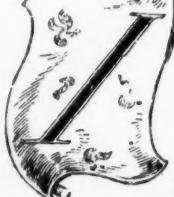


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PAPA'S PET.



TO THOSE ABOUT TO SEEK OFFICE.



IN APPLYING for a foreign mission, it may be as well not to lay stress on your ability to carry caucuses. You see, the party is going to want more caucuses carried at home than abroad.

Applicants basing their expectations on "personal acquaintance with Mr. Hanna," would better not remind that gentleman of "that time we shook hands during the campaign." That particular distinction is somewhat cheapened. There are others.

While applicants for consulates are not always required to know the location of their prospective post, you may as well look it up, so as to tell the postmaster where to forward your mail.

Even though a month or two should elapse before the post-offices are passed around in your locality, it will be better not to lynch your Congressman without full investigation. Congressmen sometimes have to contend with an almost incredible indifference. We have had Presidents who could sleep ten hours and eat three square meals every day, while a political opponent sorted the mail at Truro Mills and cashed in its sixty dollars' salary every year. Still, it can do no harm to write your Congressman every day or two, or drop in and see him often; they will get switched-off on to side-issues, like Cuba and the tariff. The best of them will, at times.

No applicant intending to come on to Washington need stay away for fear he can't find a room. There are lots of rooms now, nearly all those who came on in 1893 to wait for an office having since gone home.

A. E. Hoyt.

WHEN GREEK met Greek, the tug-of-war often came when he tried to explain to his wife why he did n't get home earlier.



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CLOSE QUARTERS.

OUTERTON.—Great Scott! man, you have been sleeping in that position as quietly as a babe for three hours. I don't see how you could do it, all cramped up in that manner.

HARLEM FLATTE (awaking).—You don't? Why, I actually thought I was home!



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TAKING NO CHANCES.

MRS. HENPEQUE (reading).—Here's a poor fellow committed suicide just because his best girl refused him.

MR. HENPEQUE.—Well, he did just right!

MRS. HENPEQUE.—Nonsense!—she might have changed her mind.

MR. HENPEQUE.—Exactly!

NOT IN HIS CLASS.

"Will you accept Broozer's challenge?" asked the reporter.

"I should say nit," said the eminent prize-fighter. "Why, he is not in my class! I am a tenor and he is only a baritone."

A DANGEROUS FOUNDATION.

As an architect skillful and versed in his art
Dan Cupid now plies his trade;
For he makes us build castles up high in the air
On the site of a beautiful maid.



IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

OFFICIAL.—We have caught the scoundrel who plotted against Your Majesty's life.

THE SULTAN.—Keep him safe, until I decide what punishment befits a man who would have made so many widows.

THE PEOPLE who sneer most at "has beens" generally belong to the great tribe of "never was."



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ANNOYED.

ALICE.—Marie was so annoyed! She heard that a certain concern was using her photograph as an advertisement—

GRACE.—You don't mean it!

ALICE.—Yes; and when she investigated the matter she found it was n't her photograph at all.

MIXED.

"Y HEARERS—"

The Chairman of the School Board was addressing the Annual Teachers' Institoot.

"The schoolwark is the bulhouse of civilization—I mean—ah!—"

The chairman was slightly chilled.

"The bulhouse is the schoolwark of civ—" An invisible smile began to make itself felt.

"The warkhouse is the bulschool of—" He was evidently twisted.

"The schoolbul is the housewark—" An audible snicker spread itself over the faces of the audience.

"The scwose hool—"

He was getting wild. So were his hearers. He mopped perspiration, gritted his teeth and came up to the post again.

"The schoolhouse, my friends—" A sigh of relief went up. A-h-h! Now he has gotten his feet under him again.

He gazed suavely around. The light of triumphant self-confidence once enthroned upon his brow.

"Is the wulbark—"

And that was all.

Carl Currie.

IN DISPLAY CAPS.

WIFE (looking over his shoulder).—Oh, dear! What paper is that? What in the world has happened? Thousands perish in a day! Men and women struggling in a sea of fire! Groans and shrieks!

HE.—Calm yourself; nothing has happened. This is a Western paper, and those are only the head-lines of its account of a sermon on hell by the Rev. Doctor Paynter.

HE OBJECTED TO DISHONESTY.

FIRST BURGLAR.—I could get up an improved jimmy; but I could n't get it patented, could I?

SECOND BURGLAR.—Of course not. They would n't patent anything like that.

FIRST BURGLAR.—Well, of course, I would n't want to work on it and then have everybody stealin' my ideas.

CAREFUL OBSERVATION shows that wealth brings happiness — at least as often as poverty does.

HER MODEST WISH.

"Papa is going to get me a '97 wheel," said little Ethel, boastfully.

"Oh, dear! I wish I could have a '98 wheel right away," sighed little Frances.



ANOTHER OUTRAGE.

MR. HARDACRE (his first visit to a city hotel).—Cynthy! This is a consarned outrage!

MRS. HARDACRE.—What is?

MR. HARDACRE.—Why, they've put us next to a stable! Come here and look at the horse-trough!

TAKING THE CENSUS.



"UNNY LITTLE thing happened at my place night befo' last," said Mr. Tut Pegram, addressing collectively sundry other prominent Arkansaw gentlemen lounging in the store at Gum Tree Crossroads.

"Along in the middle uv the night, or sech a matter, the baby rolled out uv bed, drapped betwixt the sidin' an' the flo', an' fell down in under the house amongst the dogs.

"The little feller sawter squealed as he went down, an' one uv the dogs yelped when the child fell on him, an' the noise woke me an' wife up. We could hear a whimperin' an' snufflin' sound, but could n't make out what it was nor whur it come from. We got up an' lit a light, an' scouted around, lookin' up the chimby an' ever'whurs else we could think uv, an' could n't find nuthin' wrong. Wife began to git sawter skeered, an' 'lowed it must be a ha'nt. I was kinder juberous, myself, an' could feel my hair beginnin' to creep, but I tried to pass it off by reckonin' that it sounded a heap mo' like that dad-blamed ventrilo — what-d'y-call-him, that we seen in the sideshow last Summer — man that flung his voice around an' fooled yo' into thinkin' some feller was comin' up behind yo'. By heck! I rickylect yet how he made me think a deputy sher'ff was jest about to git me!

"Wal, directly my son-in-law, Ike, woke up, too, an' the children got started an' all lit in to bellerin' at once, an' that set the dogs to scrabblin' around under the house till yo' could n't hear yo'self think, for the racket. An', every once in a while, we could hear a child's voice in the middle uv the rumpus, but could n't tell, to save our souls, whur it cum from. Directly, wife got it into her head that one uv the children was missin', but I told her it did n't look much that-a-way to me. We sawter counted 'em over, an' made thirteen uv 'em, all right enough. Wife 'lowed thar ort to be fourteen, but I kinder thought not. Yo' see, we've got so dad-blamed many children, an' they are alwers jumpin' around so, that it is right smart uv a job to keep tally on 'em all — I giner'ly figger that they are all present at meals, an' let 'em count themselves the rest uv the time.

"Wife stuck an' hung that thar ort to be fo'teen, but I swore I could n't see as any uv 'em was missin'. We figgered around, an' finally stood 'em all up in a row an' sawter took a census. We located Gladys Maud, our married daughter, an' her husband, Ike, an' Jeff'son Davis an' Jubal A. an' Gwendolin Angelina an' Beauregard an' P. J. N. an' Henry Clay an' Jim-Tom an' Floretta an' Polk an' Breckenridge an' Gog an' Magog, the twins, an' three or fo' uv my son-in-law's young 'uns.

"It shore looks like none uv 'em has got away," says I.

"But I know thar ort to be fo'teen," says wife.

"Wal, hain't thar?" says I, countin' 'em over agin. "Ten, 'leven, twelve, thirteen, fo'teen!"

"Yo' ve took an' counted in one uv Gladys Mauds," says wife.

"Aw, I reckon not," says I.

"Yes, Paw; that 'n's mine," says Gladys Maud.

"Wal, then, dad-blame it!" says I. "I reckon thar hain't but



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AT THE EDEN MUSÉE.

MRS. KELLY.—Phwat th' devil is thot, Pat?

MR. KELLY.—Behivins! thot moost ayther be Adam an' Eve in th' ga-arden uv Aden, or St. Patrick definding Oireland.

thirteen uv 'em, anyhow! Let's stop this yere blamed foolishness, an' go to bed!

"I don't know," says wife, sawter doubtful. "Seems like thar is one uv 'em missin' yet, but — aw, my gracious! Whur is William J. Bryan?"

"Wal, shore enough!" says I. "By heck! That's what's the matter! Blamed if I did n't forgit all about the little feller! Whur is he at, anyhow?"

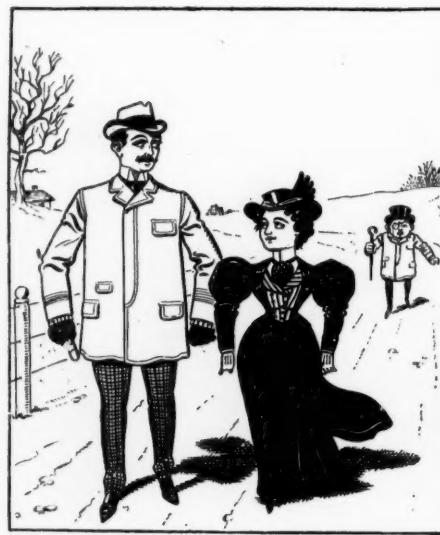
"Jest then, suthin' happened to him — one uv the dogs snapped him, or suthin' — an' he set up a yell, an' we got him located under the house. So me an' Ike took an' pried up part uv the flo' an' drug little William J. Bryan out, safe an' sound."

"Wal, by heck!" says I. "If we have many mo' children, bur-cussed if I don't have to whirl in an' crop their ears an' keep a herd-book uv 'em, so's we kin sawter begin to tell who they are when we meet 'em. Haw! haw!"

"An', upon that, we let the flo' flop down in place ag'in, an' went to bed."

Tom P. Morgan.

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I.

CHOLLY.—Ye Gods! there goes Fanny with that big brute of a Jack Strong! How awkward they look together! A man of my height is more suitable. Oh! how can I get the best of him?



II.

CHOLLY.—Ah! It has commenced to rain. Now is my time to make him look ridiculous. A tall man like him can't protect a little woman like her from the rain.



III.

CHOLLY.—See! I told you so! Do all he can, he can't hold it down far enough to protect her.

LEFT AGAIN.

INCARCERATED.



HE WAS a kleptomaniac
And used her roguish arts
To purloin what she did not need,
Viz: — all the fellows' hearts.

But when I found what she was at,
In spite of all her charms,
I played detective, captured her,
And locked her in my arms.

Ellis Parker Butler.

A LAD OF PARTS.

FOND MAMA.—Why, you naughty, naughty boy! — what are you smoking that vile cigarette for?

HOPEFUL.—I'm goin' ter join th' Anti-Cigarette League up to our school.

“Well, then, you must n’t smoke them!”

“Huh! Think I’m goin’ ter be nothin’ but er high privit? I’m goin’ ter reform, ‘n’ be president!”



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HIS SENTIMENTS.

SHE.—Do you love me so much?

HE.—Dearest, der day ven I shall put my property in your name, I vill be der happiest man in all der world!

THE INVENTOR of the thermometer is said to have intended it as a check on the weather recollections of the oldest inhabitants; and he wept when he saw that it did n’t work.



TO THE MANNER BORN.

DEACON JACKSON.—Dat boy orter bin born a woman; — de less he knows ‘bout a subject de more he’s got to say about it.

PARSON JOHNSON.—What yo’ gwine to make ob him?

DEACON JACKSON.—A preacher.

OUT.

“Oh, yes!” the champion lady pugilist went on to say; “I put her out in two rounds. I got in a left-hand hook and knocked her hat over her eyes, and you never saw anybody quite so put out as she was.”

HER WAY OF CONDOLING.

MERTIE.—Yes, Fred told me that you jilted him. He thought you were awful cruel.

MARIE.—And what did you tell him?

MERTIE.—I said that you were cruel only to be kind.

RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.

“You seem to have few friends on earth,” remarked the new shade.

“That’s right,” answered Adam, bitterly. “Pretty much everybody there is a relative of mine, you know.”

MOST MEN can never see a full moon without wanting to find some girl to share it with them.



IV.

CHOLLY.—Well, just look at what the big fool is trying now! He is making himself ridiculous, and she is laughing at him.



V.

CHOLLY.—I knew he could n’t stand that position long. He don’t know how to arrange it. Now is my chance to rush gallantly up, offer my services, and have her give that big brute the shake.



VI.

MISS FANNY.—Oh! thank you, Mr. Saphead; but I will not trouble you. I am safe, comfortable and dry where I am.

PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

GARDEN AND FOREST.

ON PERUSING of the paper with the double-jointed name, We learn many interesting things that are hardly known to fame.

Of syringa amurensis, and viburnum sieboldii, Of gleditschia maeraeantha and of berberis thunbergii.

And we learn that sanguinaria Canadensis yearns for peat; While ionura splendens is most good enough to eat;

That thalictrum anemonoides likes a partly shaded place, And pteris argyrea is a fern of special grace;

That cypripedium candidum has but a single flower, And mucuna sempervirens is the Chinaman's right bower.

We read of xanthoxylum, schizophragenas, and, alas! Philopeganum sinense, and right there we murmur, "Pass!"

For, to tell the bitter, burning truth, we really do not think We could recognize philopeganum if it asked us out to drink.

THE DIFFERENCE.

LITTLE COKE BLACKSTONE.—I think a doctor's patients get off easier than a lawyer's clients; don't they, Pa?

LAWYER BLACKSTONE.—Think again, my son! Did you ever hear of a lawyer killing his client after he had cleaned him out?

THE GREAT LEVELER.

BARR.—The bicycle is the one great agent that will remove caste from the world. It is the one thing that is bringing mankind down on a level plane. Now, why do you denounce it?

JARR.—Because that level plane is n't cushioned.

HIS FIRST LESSON.

FIRST PUSH-CART MAN.—Your broder no spik Ingleese?

SECOND PUSH-CART MAN.

—He learn-a! He know-a what-a de cop-a mean-a when he say "Mova on!" "Gita outa here!"

EQUIVALENT ADJECTIVES.

EDITH (*at the comic opera matinée*).—Is n't that comedian grand?

LILLIAN.—Is n't he? He's too ridiculous for anything!



AS IT IS WRITTEN.

MRS. SCRIBBLER.—What is that manuscript you are engaged on now, John?

MR. SCRIBBLER.—"Musings of a Bachelor," love.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

CUSTOMER.—This house is built on very low ground.

REAL ESTATE BROKER.—U'm — a — ye-es — (*with sudden enthusiasm*). You don't get tired climbing a steep hill.

FOR THE MINSTRELS.

BONES.—What am de difference between de corrupt politician an de baseball team?

TAMBO.—What am de difference, etc., etc.

BONES.—One wants to be whitewashed an' de odder don't.



SHE APPRECIATED THE SITUATION.

HE (*telling his wonderful adventures*).—And there stood the lion right in our path!

SHE.—Goodness! And it was too late to take a different path!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SOWING THE WIND. "THERE IS NOT," says the New York *Tribune*, "a shade of hesitation in the proposal that the tariff of 1897 shall do for the country, in the conditions that now exist, precisely what the tariff of 1890 did do for the country." It is fair to suppose that the *Tribune* knows exactly what the tariff of 1890 did for the country and what it did for the Republican party, although the sentence quoted is meant to be full of cheer. Another staunch Republican newspaper, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, is quite as certain as the *Tribune* that the tariff of '97 will do what the tariff of '90 did, but it does not try to mislead its readers as to what that was. "There are few intelligent, observing politicians," says the *Ledger*, "who have not recognized and admitted that the McKinley tariff was the chief cause of the revolution of 1892, which swept the party responsible for it out of power and placed the Democratic party in control of the Government." The policy of re-enacting McKinley duties, it declares further, is "unwise, impolitic and fraught with peril to prosperity." To reimpose duties "which were condemned more than five years ago, would be to invite Republican disaster in 1890 and to give material aid and comfort not only to the enemies of Protection but to the friends of free silver."

* * *

Now, if President McKinley and his helpers can not accept the warnings of their friends and supporters — and the *Ledger* and *Tribune* are only two among many Republican papers that give such warnings —

PERHAPS.

BROWN.—There seems to be a good deal of war talk in Europe.
ROBINSON.—Yes; but it may be only the storm before the calm.

THE SAME, YET DIFFERENT.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM VERMONT.—We're nothin' but consarned fools if we ever let them Jingo fellers git us scrappin'. We speak the same language —

THE GENTLEMAN FROM LONDON.—You're bloom-
ing right! That's what Hi say, doncherknow!

OF COURSE.

I called the girl I loved a peach.
The truth of this was shown
When I proposed to her and found
Her heart was but a stone.

VERY SLOW.

JOHNNY.—Tommy Jones is
n't smart, at all.

MAMA.—Is n't he?

JOHNNY.—No'm. The
teacher asked him to-day what

was the capital of Nevada, and he did n't know.

THE TRENCHANT KEYBOARD.

HIGGINS.—I regard Weyler as a great dictator.
WIGGINS.—I guess that's true. He surely could n't get along
without an amanuensis.

IN CRETE.

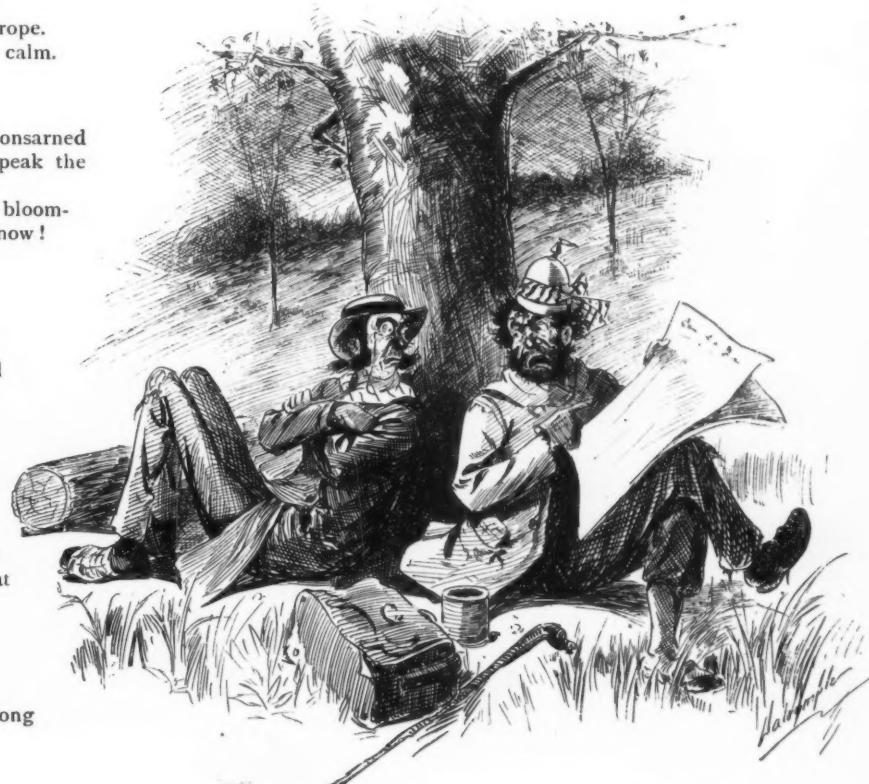
FIRST CORRESPONDENT.—Where did this report originate?
SECOND CORRESPONDENT.—Blest if I know.
FIRST CORRESPONDENT.—H'm! We'll call it semi-official.

THERE ARE only four seasons in the year; but, in some weeks, New York has two or three of them.

why, so much the worse for them. The mouth of Obscurity will shortly begin to water for them. We who elected Mr. McKinley did so not because we loved Protection, but because we feared free silver. We were prepared to accept an increase in certain tariff duties; indeed, it was necessary; but we did hope he would be discerning enough to suspect that the tariff was not the chief issue of the last campaign. He seems not to have done so. The Dingley tariff out-McKinleyed McKinley. From the agricultural schedules, in which the *Ledger* sees "a fresh attempt to hoodwink the farmer," to the tax on pictures, books and instruments of learning, which the *Tribune* denounces as "a tariff on ideas," it is an aggravation of the tariff which wrecked the Republican party five years ago. The wool schedule cuts off a new growth of woolen manufacture that came with the Wilson bill, and raises the duty from 40% to an average of 200% on woolen goods which go to the making of clothing bought by the laboring classes. The sugar schedule makes the richest Trust in the country still richer, and the duties of the metal schedules, on crockery, glassware, wood, jute and linen preclude any revenue and are so many cordial invitations to American manufacturers to form new Trusts.

So much is said for the bare sake of truth, for of course it will not avert or postpone the impending tariff orgie. And, so long as it must come, it is well that it come quickly and be done with. There is abundant evidence that the people have turned with disgust from the Protection idol, and this new imposition will only arouse them to more active rebellion. The priests of the temple may still talk through the idol's head, but the people have learned the fraud. The farmer, forced to sell in competition with the world and to buy where competition is forbidden; and the laborer, forced to sell his services where the labor of the world is free to apply, and to pay a tribute to the tariff-begotten Trusts for his food and clothing, have each learned that they have been the dupes of politicians.

If President McKinley is too weak a man, or lacks the mental grasp that might pull him up to the occasion, the sooner it is known the better. The country can swallow the dose, for it is big and strong and full of vital force; and it can stand McKinleyism a great deal better than its author can. Another spasm of tariff agitation and another period of high and ruinous taxation, will damage it, but not beyond repair; but there will never be any particular use for the President that precipitated or encouraged these excesses. To paraphrase the *Tribune's* prophecy: the tariff of 1897 promises to "do" the Republican party even as the tariff of 1890 "did" it.



COULD N'T STAND THE THOUGHTS OF IT.

WEARY WALKER.—Say, I'm a-goin' ter strangle meself ter death!

DUSTY RHODES (in amazement).—What fer?

WEARY WALKER.—Just listen what it says in dis paper! — "Every time we breathe one hundred muscles of our body are set to work."

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THE NEXT THING

THE CONTAGIOUS POPULARITY OF WOMEN'S CONVENTIONS OF ALL SORTS WILL UNDOUBTEDLY R



THING IN ORDER.

UNDoubtedly RESULT IN A CONVENTION OF AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS, BEFORE LONG.



"NON BIS IN IDEM."

A *Parlor Car*. MABEL (apparently looking in nearly the opposite direction) is scrutinizing a YOUNG MAN who has just taken the next chair.

MABEL (apart).—To think that the first familiar face I should see after two years in Europe should be his! And how he has improved! He's grown positively handsome, and he really seems to have at last comprehended that clothes should be something more than coverings. Why, if he had looked like this at that time — when he asked — it would n't have seemed so absurd — perhaps I would n't have — Oh, pshaw! how silly I am! Now, what shall I do? We've never met since, and it will be awfully embarrassing. I had better call the porter and quietly change my seat. Yes, that is what I'd better do — and I will, too — only the porter is n't anywhere in sight, which is simply too perfectly pro-pitious! (Drops her bag, which falls beside YOUNG MAN's chair.)

THE YOUNG MAN.—Kindly permit me to restore — ah! — eh!

MABEL.—What! Is it actually you? Why, I never was more surprised in my life!

THE YOUNG MAN (much confused).—I—it's a v—very g—great p—p—p—pleasure to me, I—I assure y—y—you!

MABEL.—Only fancy! I've never heard a word about you all the time I've been gone!

THE YOUNG MAN.—I've heard about you occasionally; and if I'd only known your address a few weeks ago I'd have sent you — that is, I'd have written you — just a few lines to say — (choke and falls silent.)

MABEL (apart).—It would n't have been of the least use, sir, I had n't seen you — then. (Aloud.) Well, never mind. My address is now my aunt's — Oak Hill, you know. I'm going there now, in fact. We shall both be happy to see you at any time, of course.

THE YOUNG MAN.—Oh, yes, certainly — by all means — but I'm going away to-night on — I should say, I'm about to make a little tour for a month or two. When I return, if you'd like to see me —

MABEL (apart).—Poor fellow, he's dreadfully uneasy! Two years have n't worked any alteration in his feelings, I see; yet I almost suspect they have in mine. (Aloud.) Like to see you? Why, Charles!

THE YOUNG MAN (spasmodically).—Ch — Charles!

MABEL.—I always called you so! And, if I don't mistake, you used to call me Mabel.

THE YOUNG MAN.—I did once. But things have changed so — the circumstances are so different —

MABEL.—Yes, they are a little different from what they were the day when you saved me from drowning while we were skating. You remember that day, don't you, Charles?

THE YOUNG MAN.—Indeed I do! Was n't it hot!

MABEL.—Hot? In the depth of Winter? What can you mean?

THE YOUNG MAN.—I mean it's very hot now. This car is like a furnace.

MABEL.—I'd not noticed. But that other day it truly was hot — the fifth of July. You recall what we did then?

THE YOUNG MAN.—Oh, yes!

MABEL.—Then tell me.

THE YOUNG MAN (in great tribulation).—Fifth of July — fifth of July? I suppose we were glad it wasn't the Fourth any longer, were n't we?

MABEL (apart).—How timid he is! He must have suffered terribly! (Aloud.) No, you forgetful thing, we were on the lake at Oak Hill and we all had luncheon on the island, and after that you took me out rowing and a thunderstorm came up and I was frightened almost to death, and you were so nice about it and made me put on your jersey and said such comforting things and soothed me so — do you remember, Charles?

THE YOUNG MAN (very nervous).—Ha! ha! I should say I did! Was n't it wet!

MABEL (apart).—Wet? What makes him so meteorological? His mind seems to be a combination of weather-map and *carte du pays de Tendre*. (Aloud.) And then you rowed me ashore, and, just at the moment we took refuge with a farmer, his hen-house was struck by lightning, and I nearly fainted with terror, and you said — now, Charles, what did you say?

THE YOUNG MAN (pulling himself together a trifle).—I—I think I—I s—aid that lightning never strikes twice in the same place!

MABEL (apart).—There! he did venture to recollect something. He's improving. (Aloud.) And, that evening, after the storm was over, we sat on the verandah, and — oh, Char—les!

THE PORTER (entering).—Crofton Station, sir. Shall I take your traps?

MABEL.—You're not getting out here? Oak Hill is only the next further on, and I know Aunt will be delighted to see you.

THE YOUNG MAN (in a hurry).—Exactly — of course — awfully kind of your aunt, I'm sure — but I've got a rather important engagement for this evening — don't see how I can go on just now — good-by! (Exit.)

MABEL (sola).—Well! (Pause.) Well! (Pause.) W—e—l—l!

FRIEND (on platform).—So here you are, old fellow! We'll drive straight to the church for that rehearsal, and Pauline told me to tell you not to drop the ring again, as you did at the last one. And when the ceremony comes off to-night you must — but don't look so rattled, my boy — you won't have to be married again very soon.

THE YOUNG MAN.—No. As I was telling some one on the train, just now, lightning never strikes twice in the same place!

Manley H. Pike.

INCONSISTENT.

Into our maxims we permit
An inconsistency to creep,
When we declare that "money talks,"
And then assert that "talk is cheap."

THE MAN who plays the races may expect
to lose, especially when in competition with
the man who works them.

HE DID IT.

He said that he could read her face.
He kissed her, then, instead,
And proved that he had told the truth,
Because her face was red.

IF YOU would be content, never borrow nor
lend: this refers respectively to trouble and
money.

ENVIRONMENT.

There'll be no more real poetry,
Be well assured of that,
Till the inventive genius of the day
Shall devise a vine-clad flat.

SOME PEOPLE never seem to know which
side their bread is buttered on until they
drop it.

A HARD LOT.



"MY LOT is a hard one!" he muttered,
And his face wore a look of despair;
Too true were the words that he uttered,
As he stood with his spade in the air.
He had thought to "make garden" right there,
And his pulses with pleasure had fluttered,
But he struck solid rock, and "I swear
My lot is a hard one!" he muttered.

Carl Currie.

FAR BACK.

BROWN.—He's an old New Yorker, is n't he?
JONES.—Oh, yes! He can remember when the
Sun and the *World* used to allude to each other as
"our esteemed contemporary."

IN TEXAS.

FIRST CITIZEN.—That man Weyler is a reg'lar barbarian.
SECOND CITIZEN.—That's just what he is. I'd like to help to lynch him!

CAUSE FOR SUSPICION.

MR. GREENHAW (*a prominent native of Indiana*).—The papers have got a right smart to say about the bravery of the Greek soldiers; but if the pictures I've seen of 'em is anything to go by, dinged if I believe they'll fight to amount to anything when they are brought up to the scratch!

MRS. GREENHAW.—What makes you think they won't, Riley?

MR. GREENHAW.—Aw! they dress too dog-gonned much like bicycle girls!

MADE BLUE.

BROWN.—Is n't there a blue room in the White House?

SMITH.—I think so. I believe it's the room in which the President expresses his private opinion of the office-seekers.

VALUABLE FACTS.

"I see it stated," remarked Mrs. Tenspot, "that the Arctic explorer Nansen has received twenty-five thousand dollars for three newspaper articles."

"That is the reward for handling cold facts," replied Mr. Tenspot.

FAILURE TO secure an office is the great test of patriotism.



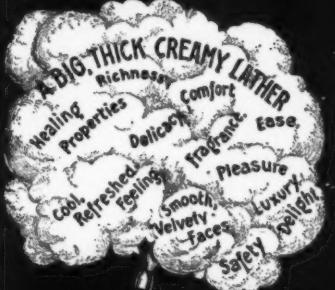
WOULD GET MOTHERLY TREATMENT.

WILLY WASHINGTON.—I say—hic—officer—you—hic—ain't going to—hic—take me to pleesh station, are you—hic?

OFFICER (*kindly*).—I've got ter, sonny, but don't yer go ter worry in' yerself about it; you'll be handed right over ter de matron, yer know!

WHAT'S IN THE LATHER?

If you use
WILLIAMS'
SHAVING SOAP
you may count on



If you use the
so-called cheap kinds
and most others, you
may expect



Williams' SHAVING SOAP.

THE UNIVERSAL POPULARITY
which has rewarded the efforts of half a century
devoted exclusively to the perfecting
of SHAVING SOAPS, and their world wide fame
justify the claim that WILLIAMS' are
"THE ONLY REAL SHAVING SOAPS."

WILLIAMS' SOAPS—in principal forms—
Sold by Dealers everywhere.



Luxury Shaving Tablet
25 Cents.

Round—just fits the
cup. Delightfully
perfumed.

NOTE—If your dealer fails to supply you—we mail these
soaps to any address—postpaid—on receipt of price.

Williams' Shaving Stick
25 Cents.



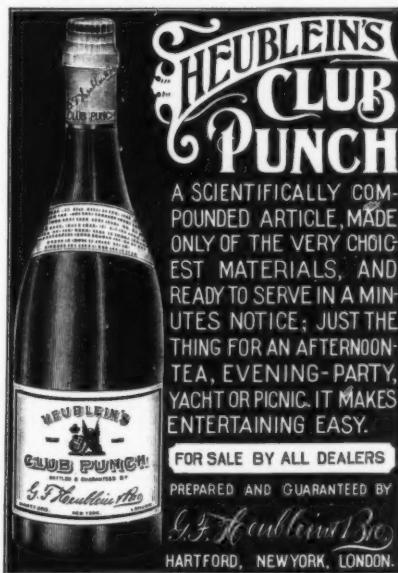
Williams' Shaving Soap.
(Barber's)



This is the kind your barber
should use.
Exquisite also for Toilet and
Bath. Used in thousands
of the best families.
Sure cure for "chapped hands."
6 cakes in a package—40 cents.
Trial sample for 2-cent stamp.

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.
London, 64 Great Russell St., N. W. Sidney, 161 Clarence St.

A MAN must die and a woman must marry to be appreciated.—Adams Freeman.



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ONLY OF THE VERY CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND
READY TO SERVE IN A MINUTES NOTICE; JUST THE
THING FOR AN AFTERNOON-TEA, EVENING-PARTY,
YACHT OR PICNIC. IT MAKES
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Champagne

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Cat. of Tricks, Wigs & Novelties, free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

What it saves: The teeth—from decay.
The gums—from softening.

The breath—from impurity.
The pocket—money.

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FOR THE
TEETH AND BREATH.

A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three cents for postage. Address HALL & RUCKEL, New York City. Proprietors of Sozodent, Sozoderma Soap, Spalding's Glue and other well-known preparations.

WEARY RAGGLES.—Say, Dusty, wat would yer say if it rained beer?

DUSTY RHODES.—I'd be too full fer utterance.—*Yale Record.*

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

Are You Thin?

Look about you! See for yourself! Who suffer most from sleeplessness, nervousness, nervous dyspepsia, neuralgia, despondency, general weakness? Who are on the edge of nervous prostration all the time? Those who are thin, Opium, chloral, bromides, headache powders, only make matters worse. Iron and bitters are only stimulants. To be cured, and cured for good, you need a fat-making food. You want new blood, rich blood; and a strong nervous tonic.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is all this. It feeds the tissues, makes rich blood, and strengthens the nerves.

Book about it free for the asking.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.

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ROYAL WORCESTER CYCLES

are made in all sizes for men and women. Tandems also. The handsomest, lightest, easiest running wheels of the year. \$100. Catalogues free.

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Now Ready: *Puck's Quarterly*, No. 4. 25 cts.

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(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

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\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

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CIGARS — First Cost from Factory.

Spotted Sumatra wrapper, good filler, \$20.00 per thousand; 50 samples, \$1.00. Address Loc. Box 86, Hanover, Pa.

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and Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums. No scientific instruments or contrivances from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

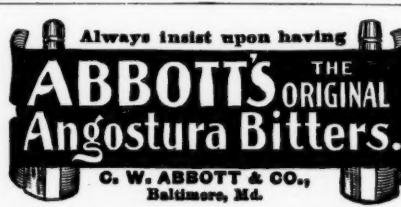
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Latest Pickings from *Puck*, No. 23.

YEAST. — Do you believe that story about Samson losing his strength by having his hair cut?

CRIMSON BEAK. — Certainly I do; the barbers have many a time made me feel tired, talking to me.—Yonkers Statesman.



C. W. ABBOTT & CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

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LONDON: 229 Oxford St.

52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK.

EVERY failure carries a guide-book to success in its inside pocket.—*Ram's Horn.*

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IT is a good thing for the heirs of bachelors that the law does n't recognize affianced sisters in a will.—*Adams Freeman.*

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Absolutely Pure.

Very Old.

Delicious Flavor.

Rye Whiskey.

DISTILLED IN MARYLAND.

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AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

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The highest quality, the fastest colorings, the best designs are found in these goods.

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Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

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NO INSPECTION, BOILER, FIRE, HEAT, SMOKE OR ODOUR.
MONITOR VAPOR ENGINE AND POWER COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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TWO HEARTS ONE THOUGHT
BICYCLE

Columbia Bicycles
\$100 TO ALL ALIKE.
Standard of the World.
POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.
Catalogue free from dealers or by mail for one 2-cent stamp.

"I MAY lead a wild life," said Jiggers; "but I'll tell you one thing: I take care about the people my boys associate with."

"I know you do," said Hawkins. "I've observed that you spend very little time with 'em yourself, old man, and I honor you for it."

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

A BABY in a buggy is a good thing, but no man likes to push it along. —*Atchison Globe.*

History made
LIBERTY BELL
honored and loved.
Sweetness and purity of tone have made
THE NEW DEPARTURE BICYCLE BELLS
widely known and universally appreciated.
The acme of excellence. —**NEW DEPARTURE BELL CO.**
The ideal of perfection. —**No 15 Main St. Bristol, Conn.**

GEORGE B. HIFF, a legless man, has entered a six-days' bicycle race at Chicago. If he should by chance come in a winner it could hardly be said that he got there with both feet. —*Norristown Herald.*

Dry Champagnes are all the rage; those who prefer them should try *Cook's Imperial*. It's extra dry and very fruity.

THE bill collector looks forward to a promising career. —*Adams Freeman.*

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SEARCH LIGHT
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WILL NOT JAR OUT

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The rigid bracket holds the lantern so firmly that the light cannot jar out; covered by patents which will be maintained. \$5. delivered.

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it struck competitors, but people who know all about wheels were pleased with the new price on 1897 "eighteen year old"

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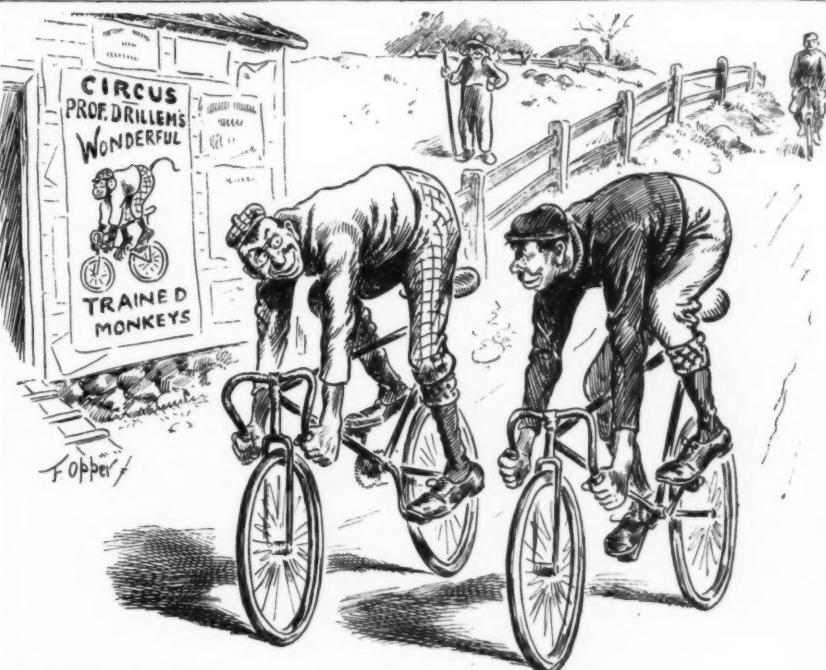
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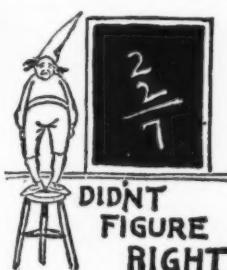
MADE THEM LAUGH.

FIRST SCORCHER.—See that poster there? Funny idea, is n't it?
SECOND SCORCHER.—Must be a great performance;—I'll have to take it in!

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COMMANDS ADMIRATION AND PROCLAIMS IT'S HIGH ESTATE

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They are very dangerous.
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Best of all Cocktail or
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of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading
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DISTURBS HIS REST.
Hooligan.—Shure, Casey don't loike his
place at all, at all.
FENNESSY.—What
is it he's doin' thin?
Hooligan.—It's a
noight watchman he
is.

FENNESSY.—And
why don't he loike
that?

Hooligan.—Shure,
he has to git up at
toive o'clock in the
mornin'.—Texas Sift-
ings.

HORRORS OF MOR-
MONISM.

SMALL SON.—Ma,
what's Mormons?

MOTHER.—U'm!
—men who have a
good many wives.

“A good many?”

“Yes; thirty or for-
ty, sometimes.”

“Ooo! That's aw-
ful.”

“Yes, my son.”

“Just a w'ful! I
would n't like to have
thirty or forty mamas
to spank me.”—New
York Weekly.

THE DUDE is a mis-
take that is evident on
the face of it.—Adams
Freeman.

The Waverley Bicycle for 1897 is the acme of bicycle construction. New and expensive principles of construction involved make the cost of building enormous. Hence the price is \$100.

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Last year the Waverley was as good as any wheel in the market—better than most. Because new machinery was not needed for its continued construction, the price of the improved 1896 model has been reduced to \$60—a saving of \$25 to you. Catalogue Free.

Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

BY INSTINCT.
TOM.—Miss Fanny
Denlow Otis has sent
me her card. Who is
she? One of your
friends? Will I have
to call on her?

HIS SISTER.—Why,
it's Ella's baby. She
was born last Friday.

TOM.—Well, by
Jove! It doesn't take
these girls long to pick
out the desirable men,
does it?—Princeton
Tiger.

SHE DID.
“Jane,” said the
landlady, severely,
“where are the eggs
for dinner? I told you
to cook that dozen I
borrowed from the
neighbors.”

“Yes, Mum; but
you told me later to
be sure and return 'em.”—Detroit Free
Press.

FIRST FOOTPAD.—
Did I see you robbing a
clergyman?

SECOND FOOTPAD.—
—Cert; mother used
to tell me to do the
best, and the Lord
would help me.—
Adams Freeman.

HARTFORD
SLICE
TUBE
TIRES

MADE BY HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.

THE ORIGINAL SINGLE TUBES

IS A GOOD GUARANTEE

STANDS THE TEST OF TIME

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Carbonated.

Corked-up health—ready for your uncorking. Sparkling, snappy, thirst-allaying Hires Rootbeer, ready bottled. Nothing in it but roots, barks, berries, distilled water—and healthful enjoyment. Quenches your thirst, gives you an appetite. A draught of it refreshes you—body and mind; makes you ready for work or play. A promoter of temperance, health and good cheer. The most wholesome drink for bicyclists—anybody, at home, traveling, working, sleeping.

Sold by all dealers by the bottle and in cases of two dozen pints. See that Hires and the signature Chas. E. Hires Co. are on each bottle.

Package of Hires Rootbeer extract makes 5 gallons. Sold, as formerly, by all dealers.

THE CHAS. E. Hires CO.,
Philadelphia.



ITS LIKENESS.

SAFSMITH (in his new English
top-coat).—Bah Jawve! This is
what I call a fit!

GRIMSHAW (critically).—Do you?
Seems to me that “spasm” would
be more appropriate.



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ORDERS

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

Marlborough House, S. W.
Please send for the use of H. R. H. the
Princess of Wales, six dozen of JOHANN
HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT as soon as pos-
sible. Kindly give two bottles to bearer
for to-day's luncheon. Yours faithfully,

JOHN GWILLIM, Cellarman
For H. R. H.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

The genuine JOHANN Hoff's Malt Extract
makes Flesh and Blood. One dozen bottles of the genuine
JOHANN Hoff's Malt Extract will give more
strength and contains more nutritive elements than one
cask of ale or porter, without being intoxicating.

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NEW ILLUSTRATIONS

Send six cents.

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IT CANNOT BE IMPROVED
IT CANNOT BE EQUALLED
THE CHOICEST OF ALL SMOKING TOBACCOES

2 oz. Trial Package Post paid for 25c. Send 10c. in stamps for pair of **CELLULOID WHIST COUNTERS**

MARLBORO BROS. BALTIMORE MD. AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSION

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"It's very puzzling," said a worried-looking woman to one of her neighbors.

"What's that?" "I can't tell whether Willy is corrupting the parrot or whether the parrot is corrupting Willy." — *Texas Siftings*.

ONE trouble about taking medicine is, you can't tell afterwards but what you might have got along just as well without it. — *Washington Dem.*

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CITIZEN (breathless). — A lot of roughs are rioting around down street, smashing windows and clubbing inoffensive citizens.

POLICEMAN. — Been smokin' opium, I'm thinkin'. I'll run around and pull a Chinese laundry. — *New York Weekly*.

A GOOD many prayers are made, in both public and private, that the devil would like to see answered. — *Ram's Horn*.

IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THAT **GOLDEN SCEPTRE** IS PERFECTION

SEND 10c FOR SAMPLE PACKAGE — PRICES 1lb 1.30; 1/4lb 40c POSTAGE PAID. CATALOGUE FREE. SURBRUG, 139 FULTON ST., N.Y. CITY.

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BOOT JACK
Plug Tobacco

If you cannot get Boot Jack from your tobacconist, send \$1 for a pound, securely packed in a convenient box and with it a handsome aluminum pocket tobacco box.

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PILES and CONSTIPATION cured free. — Sample of the best remedy on earth mailed free of charge. Prof. Fowler, Modulus, Conn.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE cushions help when all else fails. as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 858 Broadway, N. Y., for book and proofs **FREE**

gent army of workmen, is it any wonder that the "Sohmer" has marched victorious from one end of the land to the other? Sohmer & Co. have exhibited at most of the expositions in the past 25 years, and have invariably carried off the highest honors. A curious coincidence in connection with the completion of the twenty-fifth year, is, that they will shortly finish their 25,000th Piano. While many large firms have gone out of existence, Sohmer & Co. have passed through all financial and other storms and are increasing their business from year to year. It seems to have become an established fact that while Pianos may come and Pianos may go, the "Sohmer" goes on forever.

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NOVELTIES.

White and Colored Embroidered Piqués, Printed Dimities, Fancy Batistes, Printed Linen Lawns, Embroidered Swiss and Nainsook.

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25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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HIGHEST MATERIAL WEIGHT POSSIBLE GRADE LAUNDRY BOXING
WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO.
TROY, N.Y.

THE EVOLUTION OF A GREAT HOUSE.

ON MARCH 30TH, 1897, the firm of Sohmer & Co., manufacturers of the famous "Sohmer" Piano, completed its twenty-fifth year. A brief synopsis of the rise of this leader in the Piano trade will prove interesting as well as instructive. The business was started in 1872, with Factory and Warerooms at Nos. 149 to 155 E. 14th St. In 1879 additional buildings were secured for manufacturing purposes at Nos. 150 to 154 E. 14th St., and two years later Nos. 143 to 147 E. 23rd St. were added to the already large establishment. In 1887 it became imperative that the Factory interests should be consolidated under one roof, and in this year the great Factory at Astoria, Long Island, was completed. In this building, which is one of the largest and most complete

OUR SUNDAY CLOTHES.



THE PAST.



THE PRESENT.

HOTEL TRAYMORE, Atlantic City, N. J. Appointments complete. Location unexcelled. D. S. White, Jr., Prop'r.

Now Ready: PUCK'S QUARTERLY, No. 5. 25 Cents.

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

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THE ITALY OF AMERICA.
LEAVE NEW YORK TUESDAY & SATURDAY.

SUNSET LIMITED

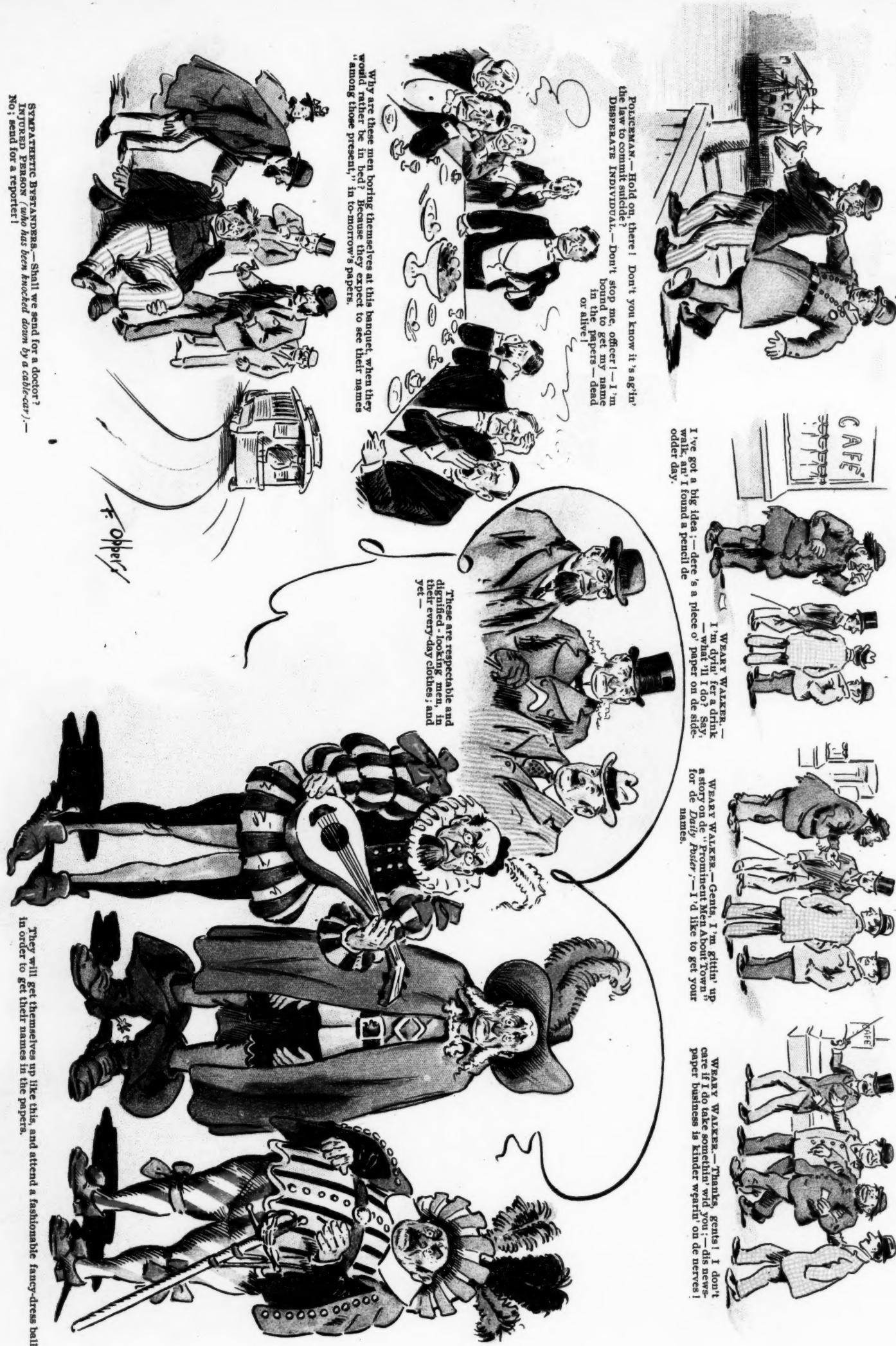
WINTER TOURS ARRANGED TO MEXICO, JAPAN, CHINA, AUSTRALIA, AROUND THE WORLD.

A LUXURIOUS HOTEL ON WHEELS.
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SUNSET ROUTE 349 B'WAY AND NIBATTERY PLACE, WASHINGTON BLDG.

Piano Factories in the world, every part of the "Sohmer" is manufactured by a body of skilled workmen, many of whom have been with the firm for years and whose interests in the business are second only to that of the principals themselves. The members of the firm of Sohmer & Co. are, Mr. Hugo Sohmer, the head of the house, Mr. Joseph Kuder, Mr. Charles Fahr and Mr. George Reichmann. Mr. Sohmer and Mr. Kuder are practical workmen, the lat-

ter giving his attention to the manufacturing branch of the business. Mr. Fahr is at the head of the financial and advertising departments, and under his able leadership the firm has been a liberal and persistent advertiser for many years past, and to this may be attributed the fact that the "Sohmer" is a household word the world over. Mr. Reichmann has charge of the sales and correspondence departments. With such able generals and such an intelli-

FASTEAST TRAINS IN THE WORLD — ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.



SYMPATHETIC BYSTANDERS.—Shall we send for a doctor? INJURED PERSON (*who has been knocked down by a cable-car*).—
No; send for a reporter!

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THE PEOPLES' MANIA FOR GETTING THEIR NAMES IN THE PAPERS.